



Eddie's Shorts

Talking_Backwards

Eddie's Shorts by Talking_Backwards

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: M/M, eddie's shorts, just a terrible drabble I'm sorry, they're also about 16 here fyi

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT)

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

In AU drabble in which Richie steals Eddie's shorts much to everyone's horror

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Author's Note:

Based on this Tumblr post: <https://notreallysurewhatmynameshouldbe.tumblr.com/post/166060827483/this-is-fanfic-material-eddie-wearing-richies>

This blog is also really awesome, you all should totally check it out.

Sorry this is so terrible

All sound within the quarry vanished within the instant Richie had arrived and made his way over to his friends as they, in turn, looked at him. It was so silent, one could have heard a pin hitting the soft forest floor as loudly as a gunshot right next to your ear.

“My God...” Bill whispered as he stared open-mouthed in horror. Stan, sitting next to him, started gently whispering bird names under his breath to try to take his mind far away from the living, breathing nightmare that was standing before them.

Bev had let out a small gasp of shock and covered her mouth with her hands while Ben grabbed her arm to ground himself.

Mike shook his head slowly, pinching his arm to confirm that this was reality and not just a horrific dream that had risen up from the plagued depths of hell to destroy his mind and sanity.

Eddie, who had arrived only a few feet behind Richie, carefully kept his eyes averted upwards as he had followed the boy through the trees, trying not to scar himself any more than he already had when he looked at Richie this morning when he had arrived at his door to walk with him to the quarry. Eddie had spent the entire trip over running over all the possibilities within his mind of how he had let this happen, and all of the possibilities lead to the single conclusion of “I don’t know. I had always been so carefully, how could I have slipped?” leading to the cycle of horror and confusion starting back

up all over again.

“Hey, everyone, how’s it going this fine afternoon?” Richie said as he stood before them proudly, “Bill, you might want to close your mouth. That’s how you catch flies, you know. Stan’s not going to want to suck faces with you when you got a whole swarm of those things buzzing around in there.”

No one responded to Richie as they, sans Eddie who could only look away in shame, stared at him.

“Jeez. Who died?” Richie chuckled.

Suddenly everyone came back to life, as Bill cautiously asked: “Wh-wh-what are those, Rh-Richie?”

“What is what, Big Bill? I’m afraid I haven’t the slightest idea what you’re talking about.”

“He means, what are those?” Mike said, pointing at Richie’s lower half.

The article in question that was responsible for everyone’s horror, was Eddie’s old pair of red shorts with rainbows on the sides that Richie proudly donned. The shorts had to be at least two or three years old, and while they were short on Eddie then, they were especially short on Eddie’s boyfriend who now stood at almost six feet tall. For Eddie, the shorts were at least wrist length when he wore them on the rare occasion at home. They hardly covered enough of Richie to actually be considered pants of any type. There was no doubt about it: Richie Tozier was wearing booty shorts. A sight so terrifying, a demon that fed on people’s fear would have been afraid.

Richie glanced down at his lower half. “Oh, you mean these lovely shorts I acquired from good ole Eds?” He asked in mock surprise as if this sudden occurrence was something normal, and not a sign of the apocalypse.

“Yes, those hideous monstrosities you’re forcing us to look at.” Stan scoffed in disgust.

“Hideous monstrosities?’ My, Stan, I’m rather offended. I think I look rather dashing in these shorts. Wouldn’t you agree, Eddie?”

Eddie slowly lowered his eyes too look at his shorts that barely covered Richie’s lower half, before cringing and looking solemnly at the faces of his friends. “I’m so sorry. I- I thought I was being careful with where I hid my shorts, but I must have slacked off or something, I’m not sure. Just know I want this even less than you do.”

Richie scoffed and rolled his eyes. “Oh please, Eds. If you didn’t want me to wear your beloved shorts you wouldn’t have hidden them under the bottom drawer of your dresser where I could so easily find them.”

“Don’t call me that, and when did you even get the time to so thoroughly snoop through my room without my knowledge?”

“Doesn’t matter. All that matters now is how effortlessly I pull off these amazing shorts.” Richie dropped down into a lunge stance and flexed. The Losers all groaned and looked away.

“Jesus, Richie, put on some pants. No one wants to see that.” Mike shouted, shielding his eyes from the sight.

“What?” Richie asked in a tone of mock confusion. “You know you all like it.” He struck another pose and the groaning intensified.

The groaning had continued on for the rest of the day as Richie Tozier proudly strutted around in Eddie’s shorts. To everyone’s dismay, Richie had continued to wear them the next day, the day after that, and for several more summer days. It had reached the point where the Losers had to steal the article of clothing back from him. Richie, however, had become deeply attached them and was heartbroken when he had discovered they were gone. The shorts, begrudgingly, were given back to him with the promise that he could never hang out with them in public while wearing them. Richie was more than happy to accept the deal if it meant he could be reunited with Eddie’s disastrous apparel. Over time though, everyone had almost gotten used to Richie in his terrible booty shorts. Almost.

Author's Note:

If you want to leave a comment, feel free to. All comments welcome.

Also, feel free to hit me up at <https://winter-fire--january-embers.tumblr.com/>

Thanks for reading